

the NATIVE VOICE

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PRICE 10 CENTS

Chief William Assu

By

MILDRED VALLEY THORNTON

Few people on the Coast, white or native, stand higher in public regard than Chief William Assu, renowned leader of the tribe at Cape Mudge.

Now in his 77th year, the chief is a commanding figure who would attract attention anywhere. Well over six feet in height, his healthy complexion, dark hair and keen, alert mind give him the appearance of a man in his fifties.

Cape Mudge is famous as one of the most modern and progressive native villages in Canada. Much credit for this must go to "Billy" Assu, whose engaging personality, boundless energy and unfailing good judgment has helped his people to bridge the difficult transition years with so much success.

The chief has fished B.C. coastal waters longer than any man living today. For over sixty years he has been in the business and it is said that he knows every nook and cranny of the coastline from the Fraser River to Alaska as no one else does.

While a mere lad his trustworthiness and stability of character were recognized and he was put in charge of a boat on the Fraser River. From that day on "Billy" Assu was his own master, the skipper of every boat he worked in. His ability and integrity became a by-word among people in the fishing industry. He was a man of the highest character who could always be relied upon to make right decisions. His courage and deep sense of responsibility were acknowledged by all who had dealings with him.

Billy Assu has four fine sons to succeed him. Two of them own their own fishing boats. Two others are skippers for the fish companies. He has a grandson who is a skipper too. Successful and clever though these are, the chief can still give them a run for their money. This summer found him busy as usual as soon as the season opened.

Though the fine old totems andavings for which his people are famous have long since disappeared from Cape Mudge, the Chief still has his beautiful ceremonial costume, consisting of the ornate apron, the beautifully carved eagle headdress inset with abalone shell, and one of the finest pilicat blankets I have ever seen. Very stately and dignified he looked in this apparel when I visited him some time ago. I con-

sider his portrait one of the most important I have done. Mrs. Assu also has a handsome blanket. She is a woman with rare sweetness of character and was a gracious hostess when I was a guest at her home last winter.

The chief is a mine of information concerning his people and their legends. Even today he has a magnificent voice and can sing the old songs better than any of his juniors.

I deem it a pleasure and an

honor to pen this tribute to a good friend, and I know that hundreds of people throughout the province will join with me in wishing him many more years of health and happiness, and of constructive living in the service of his people.



Painting by Mildred Valley Thornton

Grant the Old-Age Pension to Aged Indians!

Kin Candidate, Barbara Wilson, Wins Honors as City Port Queen

Queen Barbara Wilson, winner of Prince Rupert's Port Day regal honors, will be crowned officially at a ceremony held at the Civic Centre carnival grounds Friday night. Barbara, second successive Kinsmen candidate in two years, won the right to be Port Queen last night by the widest margin ever recorded.

The pretty Metlakatla girl was pronounced winner of the five-week Queen competition after a vote count that lasted an hour and a half. Her majority was almost as great as the total individual vote of the other candidates.

Here are the official figures:
Queen Barbara Wilson (Kinsmen), 237,500.

Betty Pullen (Gyro), 121,000.

Ruth Jerstad (Sons of Norway), 119,800.

Lorraine Youngman (Junior Chamber), 93,000.

This year's Port Queen voting was the heaviest since 1945 when the city was filled with troops and brings more than \$5000 to the carnival funds which will be used for Civic Centre purposes.

The campaign was one of the most energetic in the history of either Port Day or the Civic Centre carnival. Its effectiveness was due to the work of the individual campaign managers and the candidates' supporters.

Queen-elect Barbara performed her first official duty that morning when she took her place, surrounded by her princesses, at 10 o'clock, on the Canadian Fishing Co. packer Cape Perry, which was the royal barge, in the Port Day parade.

Her coronation took place Friday night at the Coronation Ball at the Civic Centre when she took over the position occupied last year by her sister Marjorie, who also was supported by the Kinsmen Club.

Civic Centre carnival officials expressed satisfaction at the volume of votes, which they said were greater than they anticipated from preliminary returns. They showed the backing which the public is giving the Civic Centre on the basis of its first full year's operation, several declared.—Prince Rupert Daily News.

Little T.B. In Prince Rupert

Several cases of major communicable disease occurred within Prince Rupert and district in August, according to the monthly report of the Prince Rupert Health Unit. A native infant from one of the Skeena River canneries developed diphtheria. Several native children from a fishing camp developed typhoid fever. Investigations of these cases have been made and measures taken to avoid further cases. Toxoid is being given to all pre-school and school children requesting it in order to enhance their immunity against diphtheria.

A few cases of measles and whooping cough have also been noted.

With almost all referral X-rays completed following the mobile chest X-ray survey, only two cases of active tuberculosis were discovered among the 3000 X-rays taken at Prince Rupert and Port Edward. No active cases were found among High School students or teachers within the city.—Prince Rupert Daily Times.

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New Superior Lejac School

Father James Mulvihill, for several years in charge of Kakiwis residential school near Victoria, has been appointed superior of Lejac school on Fraser Lake in the central interior and will be installed by Most Rev. A. Jordan, O.M.I., Bishop of Prince Rupert. Bishop Jordan, who has recently returned from a trip to Rome and Britain, is now in Vancouver and will be flying north to Prince George in a few days, accompanied by Father Mulvihill. Father Mulvihill will succeed Father Alex Simpson, O.M.I., who is moving into Prince Rupert.—Prince Rupert Daily News.

Justice for the Native Canadian is the cry today of the man on the street. Tom Reid, M.L.A., who is helping the Natives in their fight for freedom, says THE NEXT YEAR WILL BE THE TOUGHEST FIGHT. Our people are in need of strong, fearless leaders—men of integrity and courage, men who, knowing they are right, will steer a clear, straight course.—Swaname of Kaayalumik.

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Psalm 27; V. 1.

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A Brief Sketch of Early Native Life

By BIG WHITE OWL

Centuries before the white man came to set his rough shod feet upon this continent, aye, even before he ever dreamed of the existence of this western hemisphere, our racial ancestors were born and reared on this Great Island. They lived and died here, right here in the so-called "wilds" of North America! But this continent, the home of the Red Indian, was not wild in the modern sense of the word. It was the Indians' home in very much the same manner that the modern White Canadian considers the community in which he was born and reared as his home.

Now, maybe the early Red Indians did live a very primitive kind of life—maybe their implements consisted mainly of crudely fashioned bone pointed spears, stone tomahawks, bows and arrows, dug-out canoes, and pointed knives—maybe some of them lived in caves or small huts, covered with skins and the bark of trees—maybe their cooking utensils were but rude bits of pottery and sea shells. But they were making good progress on the upward trend of life, and when the white man came upon the scene they had already evolved a culture and a civilization all of their own which he (the white man) did not understand. And as the Pale People multiplied they brought from over the seas, their death flashing guns, their feet footed animals, their axes of shining metal, their cursed fire-water, their glass beads and funny little mirrors, etc. The Red Indians made very good use of those things, and so did the early white settlers!

What I really started out to do was to give "a brief sketch of early native life"—So let me start it now and do it this way: Perhaps it happened that an Indian child was born a member of a tribe of Indians. Now, if the child

was a girl, she learned first to care for the "tepee," to keep it always fresh and clean, to aid her mother in the various tasks of cooking, and tanning hides and pelts, and later on in the art of beadwork and quillwork, etc., and possibly in caring for the younger children. If the child was a boy, he learned first to shoot an arrow from a bow, and how to ride a horse; then, when he had reached a proper age, he was taken on his first buffalo hunt—his first real opportunity to prove himself worthy of the name, hunter and warrior. Perhaps the Indian child was born a member of a southwestern tribe, living in the vast and remote reaches of the Arizona or New Mexico desert lands and the high Sierras. His home was called "hogan" and was altogether different in style and structure from the "tepee" of the northwestern plains. There he learned how to care for the family's herd of sheep and goats. He also learned the art of hand-painting and of silversmithing. The Indian maiden learned the art of weaving beautiful rugs of intricate design and the art of making geometrically patterned blankets and pottery and baskets. Perhaps the young Indian brave was born and lived his life along

the shores of the mighty blue lakes toward the northern lands. Here, it was that during the winter, he learned to walk on the surface of the snow with his snow-shoes, and matched his wits with the cunning wolves, the foxes, the moose, and the deer. Here it was that he swam the many lakes in the season of the summer moon, and scouted the great living forests during the hunting moon, and as he paddled his birch bark canoe over the rapids of many a swiftly-flowing river, he offered a silent prayer to the KITCHIE MANITOU, asking the mighty one to give him courage, agility, and strength, and it was along this trail of happiness that he sang his beautiful Indian love call by the quiet lagoons.

Yes! Wherever the geographic location of the young Indian's home was, he loved the environment, he loved the freedom of the wide open spaces, he loved the clean, pure air of the boundless forests, he loved to explore the mountains and the valleys and the grand canyons, and the forever

mounting adventure of each new day made his life a thrilling one indeed.

But, alas, the pressure of a strange civilization, the good and the evil—mostly evil—has all but submerged the rich racial values of the North American Indian. No longer is the Red Indian a happy and carefree wanderer and lord of the plains and the forests. He has been cheated and robbed and subjugated but not completely destroyed.

Today (1947) that same Red Indian is emerging from the misty and foggy recesses of the illiterate past. He has adorned, once more, the feathered finery of his forefathers as he stands before the tribunal of JUSTICE with the rest of the native races of the world. Fearlessly he is asserting himself, pleading for his primeval rights, hoping and praying and watching for the new dawn that is to bring a new Magna Carta for the Red Indian People!

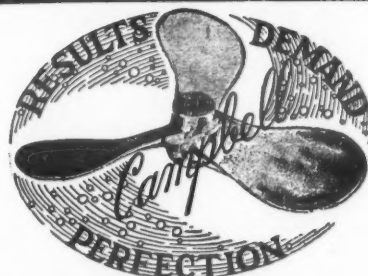
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These legends were given to Eloise Street by Chief Khalserten Sepass of Chilliwack. He had them by exact memorization in an ancient Indian tongue which he translated into Chilliwack Indian. Through this medium with the help of Chinook and what English he had, Mrs. C. L. Street and Eloise Street were able to get a translation accurate in rhythm and meaning. These legends have never been published before and will not be put into book form until printed in this paper. There are sixteen chapters in all, and they give a history of our Indian race as handed down from Medicine Man to Medicine Man. In later chapters, the legends tell of the Flood and the rise of Man again from that time.

CHAPTER 3 THE SLOLICUM

Many years ago,
Before the first thought
Of the oldest man,
Far away in the Northland
Dwelt a young warrior.
Slim was he as the white birch
By the river side;
Straight was he as an arrow
From the sheaf at his belt;
Proud was he as the eagle plumes
Crowning his forehead
And brave
As the fierce she-bear
When her young are attacked.
Many a war-song
Told of his valor;
Oft times the lips of the tribe-singer
Cried forth his name;
Dark eyes of maidens followed his
lithe form
As, at eventime,
He strode through the village.
Great was his name among the
peoples.
But he, the warrior,
Fearless and unconquered,
Loved not the war-path:

Swift rush of painted band!
Sting of death-keen arrow!
Cry of the hated foe
As he sinks beneath the bite of the
tomahawk
In hands of steel!

He, the warrior,
Loved not the war-path;
Loved not the fishing;
Loved not the buffalo hunt;
Cared not for the beckoning of
dark eyes;
Longed for the wild ways,
For the lone wigwam of the magi-
cian,
Tslam, the magician.

Strange are the paths
That lie for him
Who would be Medicine Man to
the tribe.
For him the great deeds;
For him the great achievements;
Flesh-world and spirit-world
Schwall and Tse-chilt-a-mukh,
Must do his bidding,
Must bow before him.
Strange are the ways of Tslam, the
magician.

For many days
The young brave sought for the
great deed
To prove his merit.
Long did he ponder the question;
Long did he wait and brood,
Seeking, pursuing.
Ever the venture seemed just be-
fore him,
A ghost, half-sensed in the dark-
ness;
A wraith, slipping along in the
starlight;
A shadow among the shadows.
Ever the presence drew nearer,
Ever he sought for an answer;
Still it evaded, eluded.
He could not grasp it.

Then, one day,
When the snows were gone,
And the forest,
Waking to life,
Knew the call of birds

And the rustle of leaves,
Up from the Southland
Came a tall stranger;
Paced through the village
Chanting a wild song:

"Swailtza Thawalee,
Swailtza, the Storm Lake!
Deep in your waters
Among the reed beds
Lingers a devil—
Slolicum—devil—
Lurks in the reed beds,
Stirring the waters
To a mad fury
In his hot anger;
Killing, devouring,
All who molest him!
Who dares to seek him
In the deep waters?
Who dares defy him,
Dares to destroy him?
Braves of the Northland,
Hear me and answer!"
Up rose the young brave
From his place among the warriors.
Loud he chanted his greeting!
Loud he sounded his war cry!
Death to the monster!

With eager eyes
He pledged his faith to the
stranger;
Followed the long trail Southward
To Chilliwack;
Stood on the shores of Cultus, the
Bad Lake.

In that place
Where the green water lies deepest,
And the long weeds,
Stretching slimy fingers,
Clutch and claw at the surface—
Writhe and sway in the half-light—
There sought the monster.
Calm was the Bad Lake;
Not a ripple moved;
Not a breath stirred;
All was silent . . . sinister . . .
Then the young warrior
Weighted a long rope
With a great stone;
Fastened the cord around his waist
And gave the end
Into the keeping of the stranger.
With a swift movement
He slid into the water.

Down in the green depths
The weed forest
Wavered and glimmered . . .

Back and forth, back and forth,
Slow the swaying of the long rope.
Back and forth, back and forth,
The stranger
Holding fast the end,
Watching . . . waiting . . .

Suddenly it stops
Strains!
Pulls tight against his hand!
Up he pulls the cord in a frenzy,
Up, Up,
Looking with eyes of fear
Into the still depths,
Comes the stone . . .
But, in the coil of rope,
Nothing!
A bundle of bones.

Far in the Northland
The greatest Medicine Man
Of all the tribes,
Heard the tale
And made ready for travel;
Journeyed to Southward,

Reached Chilliwack,
Stood on the shores of Cultus, the
Bad Lake.

Dressed in the symbols
Of his profession,
Singing the wild incantations
That had stilled many an evil spirit,
He paddled out over the waters.
In that place
Where the green water lies deepest,
And the long weeds,
Stretching slimy fingers,
Clutch and claw at the surface—
Writhe and sway in the half-light—
There sought he the monster.

Not a ripple moved;
Not a breath stirred;
All was silent . . . sinister . . .

Clad in a bear skin,
Stuck full of sharp bones,
Weapon and armor,
Into the still depths
Sank the Magician.

Down in the green depths
The weed forest
Wavered and glimmered . . .

Out-of-Town Visitors

Mr. Antoine Jackson and family, formerly of Creekside, B.C., after a successful berry picking expedition at Mt. Vernon, Washington, U.S.A., visited the Native Brotherhood and Native Voice Office; at present he is residing at Mungo Cannery, New Westminster, and expects to be there the remainder of the year.

On Aug. 11 Chief Maurice Dick from Nitinat, B.C., was a visitor to the Native Brotherhood and Native Voice Office. He conferred with the Brotherhood business agent, Mr. Ed Nahane, and took up the question of a timber deal that was transacted on their Reserve in 1942. Transaction was successfully carried out with Major McKay, Commissioner of Indian Affairs for B.C., and Chief Dick returned to report progress to his Band.

Miss Rose Pierre, accompanied by her parents and brother, were visitors to the Native Brotherhood and Native Voice Office. Before returning to their home at Creekside, B.C., Miss Pierre, who is the Vice-President of the Native Sisterhood of that district, informs us that an extensive campaign is being planned by her and the President, Elizabeth Wallace, for the future good and welfare of their Reserve. Good luck, Sisters.

Mr. Walter W. Brown, formerly of Port Essington, dropped in the office on Aug. 21. He has been under doctor's care for some time, but is feeling quite well. He is now residing in Vancouver.

Mr. George Maguire, resident of

Up rose the Great One!
Swift as an arrow
Through the green waters
Rose the Magician!
This was the story:

Deep in the reed beds,
In the weed forest,
Wallowed the devil—
Slolicum—devil—
Like to a great bear,
Lurking and waiting;
Greater than magic,
Stronger than witchcraft,
Untouched by sorcery.
Let the tribes fear him—
Slolicum—devil—
Let none molest him!

Thus the Great One,
Tslam, the Magician,
Told his tale to the people;
In all its strangeness,
In all its weird horror,
Told the tale of Cultus, the
Lake;
Told of the lurking devil, the
Slolicum.

Vancouver, an Englishman we consider more Canadian than the average Canadian.

August 22—Mr. Simon Joe Ladner, B.C., who just recently returned from fishing at Skeena River, was a visitor to the office of the Native Brotherhood and Native Voice. Mr. Joe is the Secretary of the Ladner Branch of the Native Brotherhood and is very enthusiastic for its progress and determination to better living conditions and the general welfare of the Native people. We are sorry to hear that his son Clifford was badly over come with fumes while trying to put out a fire that started in the gillnet boat, necessitating hospitalization. Best wishes for a complete recovery, Cliff.

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By NA-NEE

(Haida for Grandmother)

GREAT GRIZZLY BEAR AND LITTLE BEAVER

TSIMSHIAN LEGEND — By ALICE RAVENHILL

There was a great lake close to Skeena River, where many beavers built their houses, because it was deep water and a safe hiding place and good shelter for them in winter time. There were many old beaver houses and many new ones as well. They thought that their dangerous enemies could not reach them.

One day the beavers, thinking there was no danger near them left their houses and went out onto the melting ice for fresh air. The ice was covered with them. It was early in spring, when animals awake from their winter sleep and come out of their dens. Grizzly Bear had just come out from his winter sleep and, as soon as he came out, he saw many beavers that covered the ice. He went there secretly, he fell upon them and killed many of them.

Some of them escaped to their houses in the lake, but Great Grizzly Bear hunted them to their homes and slew many of them in their houses. The survivors were very sad.

Great Grizzly Bear, however, was happy because he had much food. He thought that those beavers would last him through the summer. He killed more and more, finally only Beaver escaped from his paws. This was the poor mother beaver. She went down into the water and hid. All the while the great Grizzly Bear was eating the beaver meat. When he had had enough he lay down and slept among the slain beavers.

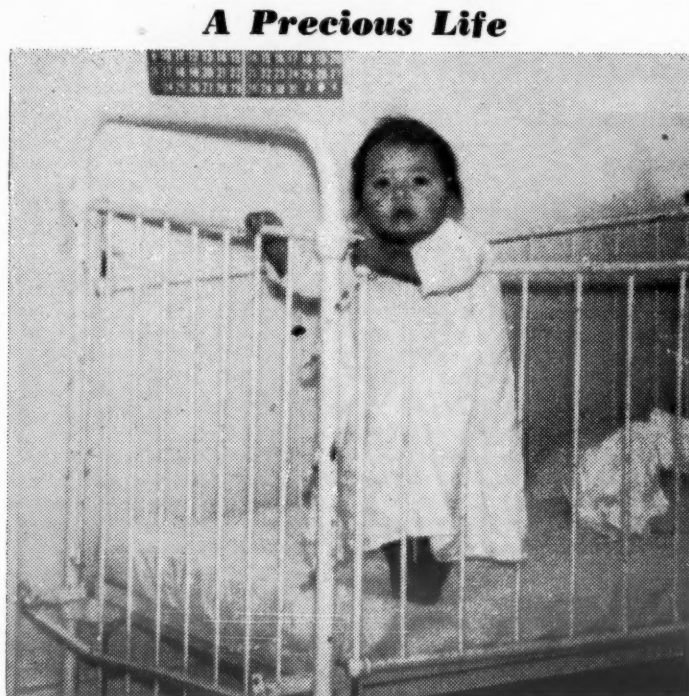
The poor lonely beaver hidden in the deep water thought about her great enemy. Then she planned to make false ground on one side of the lake at the butt end of a fallen

tree. So she took wet, soft moss and put it at the end of the tree which stretched over the water at one side of the great lake. She did this work at night for she was afraid to show herself in the daytime. She made it look like dry land round the fallen tree.

At the end of the summer the salmon were in the creeks. Now Great Grizzly Bear's beaver meat was all gone and the great dreadful thing was very hungry. He went round the lake, searching for something to eat; he went to the brook and caught many salmon which were to serve as his food in winter.

One day, as he went about very hungry, walking about very proudly for he was stronger than any other animal, he saw poor weak Beaver sitting at the end of a fallen tree. There she was sitting, very lonely. When the huge animal saw her he asked with his proud voice: "What are you doing there, poor animal?" Thus said proud Grizzly Bear when he saw her sitting on the end of an old log. In a low voice Beaver said: "Grizzly Bear shall die." Then Grizzly Bear became angry and said: "Did you say I shall die?" But she did not even answer him.

He walked to and fro on the dry land at the foot of the fallen tree, on the end of which poor, little, weak Beaver was sitting. Again Beaver said slowly: "Grizzly Bear shall die!" "Yes!" said the great monster, "I will kill you right now. Don't run away, I will tear you right now." And he walked towards Beaver as she sat there. He walked along the log proudly and said: "Don't run away, I will devour you." But brave Beaver replied:



Get the children tested for Tuberculosis immediately. Now that the children are home from the canneries and will be home soon from the hop-yards, don't delay in this important duty. Your child has a precious life.

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"Great Grizzly Bear shall die!" Every time she said these words she said them more firmly and distinctly.

The proud Grizzly Bear flew into a rage, but Beaver only sat there and presently swam out in the water. She looked back at Grizzly Bear as she swam out in the water. She looked back as she swam and said loudly: "Grizzly Bear shall die!" At once Grizzly Bear jumped after Beaver, who dived under the fallen tree, where she had made the false ground to entrap Grizzly Bear, and the great monster struggled in the slough that Beaver had made.

The beaver came out on the surface and climbed on the log where she had been sitting before and looked at Grizzly Bear struggling there. She said once more: "Grizzly Bear shall die!" Grizzly Bear got tired out in the slough, and groaned in despair. He tried

with all his might to get away, but he could not do so for the soft moss and mud held him. He tried to swim but he could not do it.

When he was about to die he said to Beaver: "Come, come and help me," but this time the beaver spoke more quietly, saying: "Grizzly Bear shall die!" Now the great animal howled and shouted and died there in despair. He was drowned in the slough because he had no pity on the weak animals and had tried to devour them all. He had thought of no one but himself. Yet the weak animal was stronger in wisdom than he, so the weak animal killed him. He was howling and crying, he who had slain all the poor beavers; but no beavers were crying or moaning when the Great Grizzly Bear had destroyed them.

Therefore, let not the strong oppress the weak, for the weak shall have victory over the mighty.

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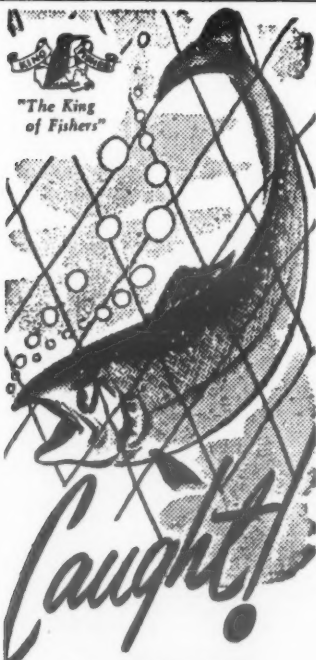
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INTERIOR NEWS

By R. D. PETERS

Many friends gathered at the home of the late Patrice Charley of Katz. A monument was erected by sons Art and George, their sister Mrs. William George, also two nephews, Jimmie and Gilbert. Many words of thanks and encouragement were spoken by Chief Peter Pete. Patrice Charley was one of the first members and a cornet player of the Katz Brass Band and was still an active member when the band broke up due to the younger people's lack of interest. Patrice Charley was also a member of the first Indian Union organized of all Indians between Katz and Chilliwack, around the year 1896. It is believed Mr. Robert Joe of Sardis, B.C., could give a very detailed history as he was a member of this Union. The Union was broken up by the Catholic priest and bishop, reason unknown.

On July 1st, the Katz orchestra was hired to Lytton, B.C., where many of the Katz people gathered. Two boys came all the way from Seattle, Wash., also two cars from the berry patch at Lenden, Wash., all to enjoy two nights' dance and the regular sports of the Lytton Indians. There were three ball games by Lytton white people, visitors were from Spence Bridge and Merritt. The biggest event of the day was the point to point race; starting point was at a summit of a very steep slope. The cowboys on horse back come down and turn at the bottom and on to the winning point. A breath taking accident happened about half way down. A horse ridden by Dan Raphael was



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MASSETT NEWS

By OLIVER ADAMS

Fishing here has been very poor this season and some of the trollers are starting to look for shore work. Some of the local men hope to be employed in the logging camps in the Inlet. Others are in the saw-mill at Massett.

To date, no teachers have been appointed for the Massett Day School and it is sincerely hoped that we will be able to get three for the coming term. For the past two years, the teachers came after Christmas; as a result the work of the children who started school then has suffered.

The seine fleet are fishing the Mainland and are expecting to return soon, as the fish must have charted a different course—they can't be found.

Mildred Valley Thornton, the Artist, is busy painting some of the older residents. She gave an illustrated lecture of her work "Indians I Have Known." The lecture was well attended. Mrs. Thornton is well known for her work and while in the East was called upon to give evidence at the Joint Committee hearings on the Revision of the Indian Act.

blinded by the dust, ran against a sasatoon bush. Dan was thrown off his horse and was in the air for about 60 feet down the hillside. But like other cow boys playing their own game, Dan suffered no serious injury.

Sunday, August 3rd, the Lions Club of Hope had their annual regatta at Kawakawa Lake. Many people had the pleasure of viewing style diving and swimming and other sports; also fast boat riding. The West Vancouver Boys' Band was thoroughly enjoyed that day. Kawakawa Lake is 2½ miles back of Hope, B.C. The auto park is an Indian reserve, leased by a white man.

In brief—T. L. Jackson is now working at Harrison Lake, B.C. Jimmie and Gilbert Peters have returned from Harrison Lake and are now on the rigging again for the Fraser River Logging Company at Katz, B.C.

Arthur Pat, since having had trouble with his injured foot, has now returned to work at Harrison Lake.

A. D. Peters and son Pete, are now at home from the U.S.A. They are now preparing the ranch so they can leave again to work out.

Tommy Garner of Choate returned from the States after taking on odd jobs.

Peter Spence of Spences Bridge, has now moved his family to Haig, where he is employed as trackman.

John Kelly, formerly of Squamish, brought his two girls, Virginia and Patricia to Hope and may enter them to the public school at the beginning of the school term.

Richard Dick of Haig, brought his ill mother home from Mission. Mrs. Dick is improving slowly.

Henry Charles of Agassiz, B.C., took his wife home to her parents at Katz. Mrs. Charles is suffering with tuberculosis.

John Andrew of Katz returned from the States and is back to his donkey punching at the Fraser River Timber.

Canada's Original Native Citizens

The Canadian Indian

By C. WILLMOTT MADDISON, F.R.C.I., Commentator

PART II

A lot is being heard these times about urging the Government to enfranchise people in Canada, many of whom are alien in race and many of whom are none too loyal to the British cause. Certainly our first responsibility is to endow our First Canadian with the franchise. Incidentally the following facts may prove interesting to many people, although interested in seeing justice done to the Indians, know little about them or their great history. The total area throughout Canada in which they are placed in reserves does not exceed 6,000,000 acres. When an Indian becomes enfranchised he loses his Indian status, but is eligible to a sum of money in lieu of equity of his portion of land within the reserve. If a treaty Indian, he is eligible to the very small sum, annually of around \$4.00, but if a Chief \$25.00. In the whole Dominion there are not more than 7,000 male and female Indians already passed the age of 65, so providing them with what we style old age pensions is the Federal Government's responsibility and should be undertaken immediately. There is no sense of fairness in excluding Canada's first aged citizens from being recipients of similar pensions as paid to white Canadians.

It is a fact worth noting that in addition to the approximate 6,000,000 acres of land representing the various Indian reservations, there has of recent years been reserved, fully 32,000,000 acres of land and by the various Canadian Provinces, marshes suitable for the propagation of beaver, muskrat, and other fur bearing animals, and already a tremendous increase of these fur bearing animals has taken place, and in time must bring in a large annual cash income from trapping by the Indians, so that the approximate 7,000 male and female Indians already over the age of 65 years could be given a minimum of \$365 per annum and so put them in a position to spend the rest of their natural lives in reasonable comfort, and actually at no cost to the respective government. It has been said that the Indians, as a whole, have shown but little inclination to better themselves or exhibit much initiative, but statistics readily available disprove this wide impression. There is nothing which the white man can do that cannot be done by the Canadian Indian. But unfortunately it is true the Indian, as a citizen and fellow human being, has been ostracized by many of his white brothers, and until the policy of the major government becomes widely amended, this state of affairs will continue to exist. It is important that these citizens of Canada be given direct representation in the respective legislatures, then the fullest publicity can be given to their reasonable demands.

Incidentally no democratic citizen favors concentration camps, but the continued keeping of our first Canadians, the North American

Indians, confined to their reservations, and at the same time depriving them of their national franchise, is the very equivalent of the maintaining of concentration camps an anomaly indeed. The Canadian Indians have proved themselves a very profitable asset in their contribution made to attracting tourists in, and to Canada and the tourist industry is the least costly and most profitable of all the many industries operating in Canada. The opportunity for employment in trapping fur and acting as guides for those desirous of hunting wild game life in Canada could be almost unlimited for the Indians, whose natural vocation and always has been linked up with pioneering the vast hinterland much of which has still never heard the voice or footsteps of the white man. There are possibly fully one thousand Canadian Indians who served in Canada's wars who come within the category styled the Older Veterans in Canada. These valiant warriors should by all means be eligible for what is styled the Veterans (Burnt Out) Veterans Allowance of \$30.41 per month if single and \$60.83 per month if married. This is what the Older Veterans in Canada Western Division have been fighting for and are still fighting for; and at the close of the current month the Older Book, styled "British Columbia's Wonderlands — off the Beaten Track" will be available and will contain the full plan, remember you Indian Warriors and White Warriors are also on the friendly War Path with you to get a square deal at last, and already have received full cooperation from the Federal and Provincial Governments in carrying on our present campaign.

INDIAN GRAVEYARD AT NORTH VANCOUVER, B.C.

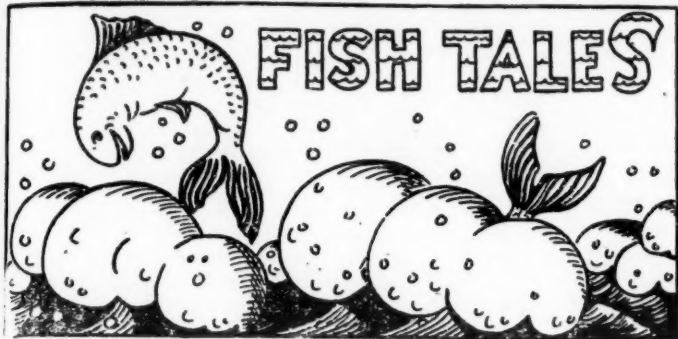
By K. CASLEV, Smithers, B.C.

If you follow a path through the heart of the bush
You come to a garden of sleep,
Where Indian dust lies within
sound of the waves,
And wandering winds Sentinels
Keep.

Can you stand mid their crosses
set row upon row,
Mid the bracken and wild flowers
and weeds,
And feel aught but compassion for
Natives were slighted,
Ignoring their obvious needs?

They have legal equality; yet,
look down on them,
Making them carry our loads,
Hewing wood or our servants
where culture is older:
In some ways, less savage than
ours.

They never made atom bombs, no
gunpowder,
Who are we that we can boast,
It is time, I am thinking, we
honor our Indians
Remembering, that they were
here first.



By ED NAHANEY

TIME MARCHES ON

Fall weather brings memories of days gone by, when the salmon run in rivers, creeks and smaller streams were judged by the laws of Nature and her unerring ways.

Mother Nature, according to our Native people who have long since gone to enjoy the wonderland of the Happy Hunting Grounds governs the waters that have produced one of our most important foods, namely, the salmon that once abounded in every stream that emptied into the ocean. Let's take a little peek at a scene that was very common only a few years back. Two old Native people are examining the thorns on a salmon-berry shoot and with a big smile point to the extra amount of thorns gathered there; even other berries are showing signs of extra heavy clusters of fruit, which all points to the fact that there is going to be an extraordinary run of salmon. There is going to be enough for everybody and a huge supply will be taken care of for the long winter ahead, and oh, yes, there will be enough for a potlatch or two (no need for ration this year).

In the early Fall, again they look at the gathering rain clouds that will bring heavy rains for a few days. Nature is now preparing the river beds by giving it a good washing and loosening the gravel and washing more sand and earth from the hillsides, that the spawn might not be damaged. The salmon are jumping at the mouths of the rivers by the tens of thousands waiting for the water to rise, then comes the grand rush into those streams that are clouded with mud for their protection, darting to the places where just a few years ago, they themselves were spawned and hatched. At the conclusion of the

spawning of these first run fish, known as the humpback salmon, whose life is very short, considering the travel of thousands of miles that their kind might live to give the proper vitamins gathered from the ocean depths, that we might live. Yes, a travel of countless miles just to spawn and die.

But their dead bodies that line those river shores are not wasted; the heavy rains will come again, will wash more sand and gravel from the hillsides and will bury the eggs and also wash the dead fish into the river bottoms. They will decay and become food for the little fish when they hatch in the early spring. So Nature prepares again for the next run known as the dog salmon (chum) and also for the cohoes. They have given, we have received.

Let's take another peek today at a civilized and modern system.

Two old Native people are looking for salmon-berry shoots, there are none. A bulldozer and a logging company have completely wiped them out, wiped out the trees that fringed the streams that at one time provided shade for the precious eggs that were laid by a handful of salmon that managed to escape all the pitfalls of a so-called civilization. No fishing signs are put up (maybe it means that there are no fish!) The heavy rains are coming down, but where are the salmon? The streams are being prepared as usual, for what? Nature is not just making believe, she is still prepared to assist us in taking care of our food.

Let's quit peeking, LET'S WAKE UP BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

Let's not hope for the day when we will have to go to a museum to see what a salmon looks like or look at some of our dusty pictures.

NOTICE

It is with great regret that we announce that Chief George Shamrock, the Branch Secretary of the Native Brotherhood of B.C., has been reported missing at Port Alberni, B.C., according to information received by the Business Agent at the Vancouver Office.

He was last seen at 10:30 p.m. September 4, 1947, and it is feared that he fell off the floats and was drowned as no one seems to recollect seeing him after that.

A boat was sent to the scene with seven of the boys of that district and so far have failed to find any trace of him. We live in hope that before going to press he will be found.

The Inca were able to temper gold and copper, a feat we can not do today; built temples with stones weighing over 15 tons each and they have stood for hundreds of years without the use of cement of any kind.

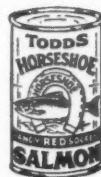
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In Trust

Along this rugged and extravagant coast are numerous inlets wherein snuggle little towns, reserves and an occasional cannery camp. On one reserve live sixty people, grandparents, mothers and fathers and little children; where the means of a livelihood are fishing and hunting. Time is unrushed, the hour, the day is relatively unimportant, only the season is greatly noted. There is seeming content.

Actually there is gaping, hungry want—want for what? In futility the Indian himself has not shaped this hunger into anything so concrete as words, scarcely even thought. Yet every human to be content must accomplish somewhat more than a mere existence.

The Indians' pastimes such as potlaches and dances have been banned. His art and cultural attainments have been trammelled so that they are now unknown on this reserve. He has been deprived of his own cultural and spiritual background and scarcely participates in any other.

In this small band Tuberculosis is a wanton destroyer. During the winter past six were crushed under its oppressive hand—mostly children. The direct taut look of a young mother as she tells of her two babies, one three years old and one three months who died of tuberculosis within a few months of one another, slices deep into your heart so that words or tears are empty things. T.B. runs rampant because the ones already infected live right with their families without benefit of treatment or practise of isolation. The nearest hospital is a nine-mile run on a gas boat.

The children attend school if there is room for them. The one school they can attend is residential and many many miles from the reserve. Some eight and nine-year-olds have not as yet started school and will not again this Fall.

Money and lumber are desperately needed—money and lumber would spell a damgood start to the easing of their bleak existence. These instruments could be used to build better houses, build a school, a hospital, start an educational program on health, educate the children to equip for the necessary professions, doctoring, teaching, nursing, etc. Strangely enough the people on this reserve are wealthy in money and lumber! In fact lumber saws have buzzed there for the past three years and millions of feet of lumber have been taken away. The money paid for these logging operations must be considerable.

Yes, our sixty people have lots and lots of money—in trust.

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INDIAN SMOKE on the WESTERN SKY

By MORRIS C. SHUMIATCHER

"It is as though good Queen Victoria has come back after sixty years," old Dan Kennedy said. "This is the first time since we signed the treaty with her in 1874 that the Crown has recognized us as a people."

Dan Kennedy, full-blooded Indian of the Assiniboines and graduate of Trinity College, Toronto, spoke for his fellow tribesman. Seventy-five chieftains and counsellors sat around the long council table in Saskatchewan's legislative buildings. In fluent English and in Cree they discussed their problems. And out of the deliberations came the decision to speak with one strong voice, bearing with it the hope for Indian unity in Canada.

Here, indeed, was a resurrection of the days when the Queen's representatives met with the native chiefs to negotiate the Qu'Appelle Treaty, which is the Magna Carta of the Indians of Saskatchewan. There were chiefs whose long braids distinguished them as elders, and others who wore the blue and gold coats and the large silver medallion presented to her Indian subjects by the Queen.

There were warriors who came garbed in the khaki battle dress of the Canadian army, some of them veterans of two global wars. Most were farmers, and the majority travelled many miles from their reserves to attend the meeting which had been called on January 4 by one of their chiefs.

The corridors of the Saskatchewan legislative buildings have for many years been lined with the paintings of the great Indian chiefs of the north-west. Beside these Indian heroes hangs a facsimile of the Qu'Appelle Treaty which three generations have solemnly revered. And high above the main entrance to the Assembly Chamber, a mural depicting the old Indian settlement in Saskatchewan's beautiful Qu'Appelle Valley is brightly lighted. It was not inappropriate, therefore, that representatives of this small minority, idealized as curious, but neglected as human beings, should gather in this building, 70 years after the treaty made it possible to forget them.

It was We-a-ga-sha, chief of the Assiniboines who brought them to Regina. He is better known as Premier Tommy Douglas, and last summer, when he visited the Assiniboines at Sintaluta, there to be made a chief, he refused to accept his appointment as an empty honor. He promised that he would exercise his office as chief and premier to do whatever he could to improve the conditions under which his Indian brethren lived. This was the first step toward that end.

I sat with the Indian chiefs during a day and a night of deliberations, and found them fully aware of their problem. Disunited, they are the helpless children of an archaic paternalism. The organization under which they are compelled to live was conceived in a day when Indians were thought to be savages

and infidels, and they were accordingly herded and driven into a mode of life compatible neither with their own nature and standards nor justifiable according to our own.

The Indian's history under white domination has been an alarming story. Until little more than a decade ago, he was subject to diseases which threatened to destroy him utterly. Exposed to the white man's sicknesses, it was two generations before the Indian built an immunity to the strange new maladies of the conqueror. Because he was deemed incapable of understanding the white man's ways, and the white man was too headstrong to discover this, the Indians of the reserve were generally ruled by a dynasty of Indian agents whose ignorant despotism became proverbial. Hunger, privation, sickness stalked the Indian on his reserve. And all the while, large funds derived from the sale of his lands were held by the Dominion government in trust for him. At the same time that agents railed against the ignorance of the Indian, and attributed his backward ways to congenital laziness and ineptitude, the only schools his children might attend were schools where the white man's religion was a principal diet, and tuberculosis usually accompanied a child from the crowded residential school to an early grave.

But physical weakness and ignorance were never the characteristics of the Indian; on the contrary, his native history is filled with the record of his intelligence, strength and brotherliness. If permitted to develop in the climate of modern modes and institutions, they are qualities which will enhance the Indian personality, and enrich our own. But the Indian must first be free to develop his own culture, and not merely to imbibe ours; to learn his own history, and not to rely upon our interpretation of it; to practice his own religion, and not to be coerced into another; to devise his own means of self-government, and not be cowed by ours.

Their problems are practical ones, and at their conferences they were dealt with in a practical, direct manner. First, it was agreed that the Indian bands and organizations in Saskatchewan should unite into a single federation, in order that all Indians might speak with a single, strong voice. The federation would adopt a constitution, the particulars of which would be settled at a later date; but unity was essential.

Secondly, the Indians seek a complete and thorough investigation of the conditions under which they have been compelled to live. White men, in their newspapers and magazines may talk learnedly of Indian problems, but the facts will never be known, the Indians say, until the members of a Royal Commission visit every reserve, study every phase of the Indian's life, ponder it, and write a true report of all that they have seen and heard and felt. As a member of such Commission, they insist that there be an Indian in whom they have confidence, and who is skilled in the ways of the white man. It is not that they actively distrust the white man; it is simply that they have wearied of his ways of ruling them. In this manner, they believe, the funda-

(Continued on Next Page)

A GLIMPSE OF

"Brotherhood Work"

The work of the "Brotherhood" involves many kinds of problems, the progress is seemingly slow and unobtrusive, but with steady steps forward, as evidenced by the gains in every department of the fishing industry in recent years. In these particular negotiations, the Brotherhood carries a lot of weight. More often than not the Brotherhood improvements have benefited as many non-members as members. The following is an example of work done for two brothers who were not members of the Brotherhood:

Ed. Nahaney,
Business Agent,
Native Brotherhood of B.C.,
508 Holden Building,
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sir:

Just a few lines to enquire if you can give my brother and me any help in the purchase of a caterpillar, a small size; that is, a loan from the Indian office or elsewhere.

If there is a chance of a loan, we can get a pole limit here that can cover the price of a caterpillar.

Caterpillar is a very necessary machine to get for this limit.

If this is possible, would you kindly answer soon, so I can give the Forestry Office some kind of word.

My brother and I will be down here if there is at all any chance.

Be assured of our closest co-operation.

Yours truly,

NAPOLÉON FRANCOIS.

A reply of encouragement was sent from the office of the Brotherhood, assuring them that everything possible would be done to fulfil their request. Napoleon Francois and his brother, Nazaire Sampolio, arrived in Vancouver after having driven all night in a hired car from Chase, B.C., to Vancouver. They were determined to present their case before the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for consideration.

Indian Smoke

(Continued from Page 8)

amental principles of the treaties will be reaffirmed and applied.

Thirdly, it was demanded that the Department of Indian Affairs include in its administrative staff Indians conversant with their native problems, and that those problems receive swift, sympathetic action in order that some measure of self-determination may immediately be secured. Thus was sought the realization of a promise of Governor Alexander Morris, who negotiated the Qu'Appelle Treaty in behalf of the Crown, saying "The ear of the Queen's government will always be open to hear the complaints of her Indian people, and she will deal with her servants that do not do their duty in a proper manner."

Fourthly, the Indians seek improved social services in the way of pensions to the aged and assistance to the indigent. Existing rations are meagre, amounting in value to \$3.10 per month for one person and \$6.95 for two. Wholly inadequate provision is made to meet the needs of Indians who, as human beings, endure the same dangers, suffer the same pains and undergo the same disabilities with white men.

(To be continued).

OUR MAIL BOX

Write to The VOICE any News of Interest in your District, etc.

The Native Brotherhood of B.C.,
Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Sirs:

It is a long time since I have written. I'm writing this letter concerning our working conditions here in Prince George. Since there are not enough jobs to keep us going during the summer in our own town, we are forced to get work here in another town, and the Indians with families work on the planers and other jobs and the only land available to live on was the C.N.R. But this summer the C.N.R. boss here in Prince George chased us out of our camps and we're still working and we are having the worst time of our lives, cold camping out and always uncertain of our living conditions.

We are not bothering anybody and this C.N.R. man didn't prove any trouble on us yet blamed us for all the drunken noise. He chased the Indians around just like dogs. He really had no use for the little strip of land they have on the river bank where we had our camp, so now we have to make camp on a dried-up river bed, where it is so damp we are afraid there will be sickness among us.

This is about all I can say for now. If you can help us in any way, do so, please. The name of that C.N.R. boss is Mr. Beaton, Prince George. I remain,

Yours sincerely,
ADONA ANTOINE.

The Native Voice,
509 Holden Bldg.,
Vancouver, B.C.

Gentlemen:

Herewith is enclosed a cheque for \$1.50 for which please enter my subscription to The Native Voice, to come to me at the address printed above. Your paper is very interesting. I specialize in work in behalf of American Indians of the United States, whose problems in many ways compare with those of Canadian Indians.

Sincerely yours,
RUTH F. KIRK.

Editor, NATIVE VOICE:

I am pleased to enclose herewith my personal cheque for \$1.50 in payment for one year's subscription to the Native Voice.

It is satisfying to know that a

received by the Business Agent from the Department of Mines and Resources as follows:

August 18, 1947.

Mr. Ed Nahaney:

With reference to the question of the supplying of a tractor for Napoleon Francois and Nazaire Sampolio, I would advise that I am now informed by the Agent (Indian) that they have been in to see him, and after discussing the matter asked to have it held in abeyance until they can shop around for the type of tractor required.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES COLEMAN,
Indian Commissioner for B.C.

native group is organized and working through a publication for the benefit of all the native population, and I read with keen interest the various articles and letters in each copy.

As I am anxious to see your paper progress, and command the respect of all persons interested in Indian welfare, I offer a suggestion with which I am sure you will agree: That under "OUR MAIL BOX" heading you advise all contributors to assure themselves that they are reporting verified facts, and that the whole picture of each case be given rather than a colored, prejudiced opinion. The saying "There are two sides to every story," might well be applied here.

I have read one or two letters which placed certain persons in rather a bad light, whereas, if all the true facts had been given the situation would have appeared in a much different light. I agree that it is very difficult to have your contributors stick to actual facts, but they should be encouraged to do so by every possible means. Too many of our larger daily papers blow up some isolated instance reported by a deeply biased and sometimes misinformed person, without verifying the facts given, and while this sort of thing may make good reading for the public it doesn't accomplish any real good.

The native people in this country have had a reputation for honesty, and your publication would certainly gain the confidence of its readers if it could be relied upon to present only true facts. If there is neglect or abuse, by all means bring it to the attention of the public, but insist upon uncolored facts.

Sincerely wishing you success in your humanitarian efforts,

RONALD. H. SAMPSON.
Telegraph Creek, B.C.

Editor, Native Voice:—Enclosed please find \$1.50 as my subscription to your paper "The Native Voice." Since the paper was first published, I have not missed an issue although I have not been listed as a subscriber until now.

May I at this time congratulate The Native Brotherhood of British Columbia on the initiative shown by instituting such a publication in the interests of the Native people. During my twelve years experience in Indian work, ten of which were spent on a Reserve, I have become vitally interested in every phase of Indian life and fully concur with your paper's purpose in being a means by which encouragement may be given to the British Columbia Indians to help themselves to better their lot and to take their place in the Canadian way of life.

It is my hope that you will continue to present all problems in a frank but fair manner, eliminating all distortion and prejudice which might do more harm than good to the Native cause.

Yours very truly,
J. A. FINDLAY,
A/Indian Agent.



Resolution June 10, 1947

WHEREAS under the present legislation pensionable Veterans of the Second Great War are assured of Medical and Surgical care and Hospitalization at the expense of the Government of Canada when and as such care and hospitalization may be required henceforward.

AND WHEREAS many non-pensionable Veterans have served in the armed forces of Canada for various terms up to six or seven years, much of it Overseas and have been discharged as physically fit.

AND WHEREAS the physical fitness of many such Service Men has by reason of such service and by reason of illness or injury or hardship suffered during such service deteriorated to an extent not immediately evident on discharge or within one year after discharge.

AND WHEREAS many of such Service Men, particularly those with long periods Overseas will, after the expiration of one year, develop illness or disabilities attributable to such service and arising out of such service.

tributable to such service and arising out of such service.

NOW THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED BY the Canadian Scottish Regimental Association, that this organization of Service Men, believing that under present Regulations, numbers of discharged Service Men will suffer hardship from lack of professional care that they are unable to provide from their own resources, and which they believe should be the responsibility of the Government, URGENTLY REQUEST THAT the Government of Canada, through the Right Honorable, the Minister of Veterans Affairs, make provision for the free Hospitalization and Medical and Surgical care for all Honorably discharged Service Men who may within FIVE YEARS from discharge develop illness or disability from causes arising out of or attributable to such service or due to illness, injury or hardship resulting in physical deterioration during such service.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that this Resolution be forwarded to the Right Honorable the Prime Minister of Canada, to the Right Honorable, the Minister of Veterans Affairs, and to the Honorable, the Minister of Finance for Canada.

"LOYAL GESTURE — A spontaneous expression of goodwill to young Princess Elizabeth on her approaching marriage comes from the Natives of far off Australia."—(Copied from the London Times.)

So far Canada has to all appearance made no such movement which has been active for months in Australia, where each Province has planned its gifts—and the women of Australia have had picked weavers weaving an evening cloak with symbols of each province in gold and silver thread.

ALICE RAVENHILL.

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Racism for Robbery

(Reprinted from PM Article by
John P. Lewis)

The white man apparently has his hands in the pocket of the American Indian again—this time up to the elbow. The Association on American Indian Affairs, Inc., has just turned up the facts on a pickpocket bill hurried through the closing hours of the last Congress, without fanfare or attention.

As turned up by the Association, here are the facts, in brief.

Two Alaskan Indian tribes, the Thlingits and the Haiens, formerly occupied what is now the Tongass National Forest. Under the system of land titles in Alaska—mostly based on occupancy—and particularly under the system that applied to Indians, these Indians were the owners of those forests. Suddenly the U.S. Forest Service came along, booted the Indians off the land, sometimes at the point of guns or under threat of arrest and punishment—and made the area into a national forest. The Indians were moved out, and have never had an adjudication to their claims to the land.

Since then there has been a high pressure fight, spearheaded by Sen. Magnuson (D., Wash.) to push through legislation to permit the Secretary of Agriculture to sell the timber on these lands without provision for due and just compensation to the Indians. The powerful lumber interests in Washington backed up the fight, greedy to get their hands on the rich pulp resources of the reservation. A few friends of the Indians in the Senate succeeded in blocking the legislation until the closing hours of the session, when Senator Taft suddenly and mysteriously got behind the bill and pushed it through.

It is now before President Truman for signature. Unless he vetoes it—an action which would put him in opposition to his close political friend, Governor Wallgren of Washington, the Indians stand to get bilked again.

If the bill is permitted to become law, the Department of Agriculture can sell the timber to the Washington lumber trust of the

pulp paper interests, and put the money in escrow, theoretically to await determination of the right of the Indians to the land from which the timber was taken. There is a gimmick in the law, however. IT PROVIDES NO METHOD FOR RELEASING THE PROCEEDS FROM ESCROW. The end result will be that unless the Indian who are ill equipped to do it, wage a successful and expensive legal fight in the courts, they will be arbitrarily deprived of the most valuable asset and will receive nothing in return.

The whole deal, from information that the Association has been able to put together since the last minute sneak play on the legislation was uncovered, is reminiscent of the way things were done in Germany under the Nazis. Hitler declared the Jews to be inferior people to the Aryan Germans. Then he stole their property by State edict and doomed them to death.

Here in the U.S.A. we declare the Indians to be an inferior people. By legislation we rob them of the lands and property. And, just surely as did Hitler, we are doing them to extinction by economic means. The evidence unearthed date indicates it is a rotten deal and that when the full story is known it will smell to high heaven. But that won't help the Indians. President Truman signs the bill!

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Art and Crafts

Canadian Pacific Exhibition

The first postwar Pacific Exhibition was a great success. Everything from kitchen gadgets to 20-ton cranes were open to public inspection. Thousands of people from every part of the Dominion as well as the United States thronged the fair daily. Record attendance was reached on Labor Day, Sept. 1.

The Indian Exhibit sponsored by the Department of Indian Affairs was good for the amount of time involved in putting it together. Thousands of people were impressed by the handiwork done by Indians throughout various parts of the Province.

The Indian Exhibit was housed in the lower part of the Pavilion of Modern Living. While the location was not the best, it served its purpose well. The Indian display was cut into five sections with the Vancouver Agency in the first, the Alberni Residential School in the second, the Native Voice Newspaper display in the third, the Cowichan District in the fourth, and the Stuart Lake Agency in the fifth. In the Vancouver Agency under Mr. MacGregor there were exhibits from the Okanagan Agency consisting of green and red peppers, apples, plums, peaches and tomatoes. The green and red peppers drew many delighted comments from the ladies. The uniformity in size of the green peppers was especially noticed. A buckskin jacket and some four baskets from the Kamloops Agency were admired. Some excellent Totem poles contributed by Mrs. Ellen Neel aroused keen interest among the spectators. The head and shoulders portrait drawings of venerable Indian patriarchs was donated by Mrs. M. Armytage-Moore. Her drawing of Mrs. Lucy Patch of Alert Bay drew admiring comments from those interested in art.

In the second booth was housed the Alberni Residential School. This was supervised by Mr. John Stanton, as Manual Training Instructor, who represented the Principal, Mr. A. E. Caldwell, and the head of the Art Class, Mr. Sinclair. The art drawings of old Indian dress by Miss Judith Morgan drew an enormous amount of interest from all who viewed them. To my mind that is a concrete example of what proper supervision can do for the Indians if they set their minds to advance. She not only has brought credit to herself but to all of her race. She is acclaimed as one of the foremost painters of Indian Art today. Our hats are off to Miss Judith Morgan and her brilliant instructor, Mr. George N. Sinclair. Excellent work was also contributed by other students. The Alberni Manual Training class exhibited some very good carpentry under the instructorship of Mr. John Stanton. If the desk was for sale it would have been sold the first day. The Alberni Exhibit was well laid out.

The third booth consisted of our paper, the Native Voice. The paper formed the background for drawings by Wilson Bob of the Alberni Residential School and a wood cut

carving of an Indian head carved out of cedar by Waldo Williamson of Parksville, B.C. The paintings and carving aroused considerable comment, and justifiably so. In the same booth were contained embroidery work from the Lejac Catholic School. Father Alex Simpson, O.M.I., was principal of this school and is to be succeeded by Father James Mulvihill. This display was one of the finest exhibitions of fine needlework seen anywhere in the whole Fair. Invariably each woman who passed stopped automatically to examine the work closer and always asked if any of it was for sale. If the Lejac needlework was for sale I'm afraid we would have sold out their display in the first two hours. The women found it hard to believe that all that skilful work was done by the girls from grade 5 to grade 9 in the Lejac Residential School. Very fine work was done by Miss Bernadette M. George, grade 7; Miss Molly How, grade 6; Miss Mabel Julien, grade 6, and Miss Lorna Carlick, grade 7. Once again we take our hats off to the young ladies at the Lejac Residential School and their very able instructors and teachers.

In the fourth booth was housed the Cowichan Indian Agency supervised by Indian Agent "Herb" Moore, and his gracious wife. Between them they displayed the famed Cowichan Indian sweaters to an advantage that drew visitors to their exhibit who had heard of the sweaters but never had seen them. The Cowichan Indians through their industry have turned their products into wearing apparel that is eagerly sought by sportsmen the world over. Among the notables who wear their famous sweaters is President Truman of the U.S.A. Their durability to withstand weather is acclaimed by all who have worn them.

The fifth and last booth was supervised by genial "Bob" Howe and his charming wife. Mr. Howe is Indian Agent for the Stuart Lake Agency. His exhibits were comprised of beautiful buckskin work gathered from his entire agency. The handsome beadwork done on the jackets, gloves and moccasins drew many an admiring comment. While looking at this fine buckskin work one can reflect on the past glories of the Indians. This work should be encouraged within reason. It would be a shame to let this art die as it is a colorful link with our past.

In general the Indian Exhibit was very well received by all who saw it. Credit goes to Mr. H. E. Taylor, Indian Agent for Vancouver Agency, for organizing this year's exhibit. For the amount of time he had to organize it, he did well. Our thanks go to him for bringing together the various craftsmanship of Indians throughout the Province. We again doff our hats to the many Indians who, through their efforts, made this exhibition possible.

Among the many visitors to the Indian Exhibit was Chief Raymond Dunstan and his wife. Mr. Dunstan is a rancher from Lytton and

COWICHAN SWEATERS AND TUBERCULOSIS

Last month THE VICTORIA DAILY TIMES quoted Mr. R. H. Moore, the Indian agent at Duncan as saying that the wool dust arising from the manufacture of the famous Cowichan Indian sweaters might be a contributing factor in the high tuberculosis rate among local Indians.

The B.C. Arts and Welfare Society of Victoria has long had this matter under study and, under present conditions, is inclined to agree with Mr. Moore's statement. But there is a remedy and the society's proposals in this matter have been submitted to the Indian Department, but we are informed that lack of funds prevents the remedy from being put into effect.

The present evil arises, not from the knitting of the sweaters, but from the carding of the wool before the process of knitting is begun. The carding is at present done in crowded and ill-ventilated living quarters, and by a hand process in which the carder is forced to work long hours breathing heavily while leaning over his work. Young children are often set to do this carding and, whether at work or not, do inhale considerable dust which arises from the unprocessed wool.

The Cowichan sweater industry has done much to lift the local Indian women out of that melancholy state of helplessness which our treatment of them is all too apt to generate. Throughout countless generations these women have been models of industry. It is in their nature to be busy, they therefore need to be encouraged to continue and enlarge upon such industry as they now manage to make profitable rather than to abandon it.

The proposals of the society are: That in such centres as at Duncan the Indian Department should erect a building to be used for the processing of wool and similar industrial work. Such a building should be equipped with modern carding

thought the Fair was most enjoyable. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Sam, also from Lytton, took in the sights. Chief Ignatious Thorne of the Cowichan Band thought the Indian display quite good and pinch-hit for Mr. Moore for one day in his booth. Mrs. Phillip Thomas from Nanaimo, visiting Vancouver for a short stay, enjoyed the Fair.

When next year's Exhibition rolls around we hope to have a bigger and better one, so that it will be commented on across Canada. This time let's have some hand-made Indian bracelets from Bella Coola; slate totem poles from the Queen Charlotte Islands; totem poles from Alert Bay and Port Simpson; let's hear from the craftsmen from the Cariboo to Kitwanga. Start planning now for your next year's entry. If we pull and work together we can and will stage an exhibition that will be outstanding. So bear that in mind and start thinking of what you can contribute to making the next exhibition a memorable one.

—H. L. G. KELLY.

and spinning machinery to enable the Indian women to perform these tasks in an up-to-date and time saving manner. All persons engaged in wool carding should be supplied with masks to prevent the wool dust from being inhaled. No children should be employed in the task nor should they be allowed in the building while the carding of the wool is in process.

If these measures are carried out, then and only then will the Indian be given a fair chance to compete with the spurious products which are now flooding the market from non-Indian sources.

This is an industry which they themselves have created, let them therefore be given every opportunity to re-establish their credit thereby. To further submerge them is but another step in the steady process of extermination which has been, more or less unconsciously, pursued since we took over their lands.

A. E. PICKFORD,
Member of Executive Council.
B. C. Indian Arts and Welfare Society.

Waiting For The Sunrise

By WILLIAM FREEMAN

The whole North American Indian world is waiting for the Sunrise. Our leaders have placed our hopes and dreams of a happier destiny on the table of the combined committee of the Senate and the House of Commons, and with breathless expectation we stand at attention and constantly watch the horizon for that new and better day. Our freedom must be restored to us and we must be granted the full rights of citizenship in our own native land, for this land is ours by heritage, peopled by our forebears from time immemorial. We are not an alien race and furthermore we are not a conquered race and we still retain our aboriginal title. This title is not extinguished through conquest or treaty with the white man. Our lands are not ceded to the white man and the white population of the province is transgressing on our land.

If our prayer is unheeded and if our brief is pigeon-holed again in Parliament, the ruling class of people of the day shall be denounced and branded with black and unimaginable names by the historians of the future. For we are also the creation of God and we are full-fledged human beings with rights equal to others. Let the wheels of justice roll and grant us full rights of citizenship with social benefits and civil rights for Time Marches On and we want to keep abreast with the marchers, but we don't want to be left stranded eternally between the Bow and Arrow age and the white man's Civilization. Detestful as it is we must become ordinary members of the North American Society in order to survive the inroads and ravages of the white man's civilization.

Indian Corn or Maize

By CHIEF SHUP-SHE

This is in answer to editorial titled "Are You Guilty." Some day a brother botanist will make maize the subject of a doctorate thesis, taking a survey of all tribal legends as to the procurement of maize, as well as a study of the wide varieties and then we shall know more about the subject. We shall see, for example the legends seem to fall into two classes; either the golden cereal was obtained from one of the figures who resolves himself into one of the "Twins" or else it was given to us by a woman who came from a large lake. And we shall also realize that considering the widely separated varieties of the plant, all of which have been cultivated to their present stage, the current estimate of a ten to twenty thousand year domestication is too conservative.

Of some facts we are even now quite certain our present location upon the northern continent did not always know maize, nor did it always have cotton. The early basket-maker culture seems to have been without either. We are quite certain also that the importation came up from the South as maize is an American plant, whose nearest wild relative is an unrecognizable grass which grows in the Zapotec country of Mexico. For this reason Mexico has been suggested as the home town of maize, and if true it was anciently borne to South America.

"At a time when our ancestors in Northern Europe were utter savages clothed only in skins, and living by hunting and fishing," observes O. F. Cook, professor of Botany at Yale "settled agricultural communities were existing in the Peruvian Region of South America." He goes on to elaborate the reasons for this opinion. They are:

1. That the Andes range is terraced for thousands of miles under their present forest blanket.
2. That the terracing is done from the base to the old glacial line, which is below the present snow line.
3. That these terraces are held with rock retaining walls.
4. That the ancients made use of a number of methods of irrigation, and
5. That the soil in these artificial terraces is stratified as we

stratify the soil in the flower beds of our green houses, with porous soil below and foreign fertile soil on top.

A few of the points which interested him particularly are the aqueducts, some of which are 120 leagues long and 122 feet deep, and the methods of the ancients for carrying water over rugged ranges, in which tunnelling and various ingenious devices of engineering skill were employed. Nor does he fail to notice the step-dams of the rivers, a feature which we sometimes are told is a modern and brilliant invention of our white brethren.

The Andes, like the great jungles of the eastern part of the continent, are as yet only partially mapped by the white men. Much work was done in this direction by the scientific party of which Dr. Cook was a member. They came upon many great highways which, perhaps milleniums ago, criss-crossed the ice-capped cordillera. Each highway, with its own way-side inns, its tunnels and its great cement bridges ran like a wide ribbon of cement and giant stone flagging from one destination to another of this vast empire.

Yet, being a botanist, it was the botanical triumphs of our ancients that intrigued Dr. Cook. He estimated that the civilization which preceded the Incas, cultivated at least ninety domesticated plants,

many of which we do not cultivate. Of these which we do cultivate, such as potatoes and maize, he feels we took inferior varieties or perhaps we moved north carrying a more primitive variety developed before the better type used later in Central and South America.

Yes, our race has forgotten more in its upward path of civilization than our white brothers have yet learned. Dr. Cook says "ten to twenty thousand years of domestication of maize is too conservative." Only two thousand years ago Christ came to the European men at a time when Germanic and English peoples were still wearing skins and were eating raw meats, etc. Then think of ten times that age as the time our race started to cultivate Indian corn or maize!

Now can you be humiliated by being an Indian? Can the bedbug humiliate the eagle?

Strange, fascinating and often romantic, are the stories and the histories of many American food-plants. To tell these stories is to point out the highly important part which the American Indians and America have played in supplying the civilized world with food, as well as to acquaint the public with many useful and valuable but little known fruits and vegetables. The outstanding Red Men's foods of America, now widely known in the world today are: Tomatoes, Chile Peppers, Sapoti, Star Apples, Sikana, Cashews, Cacao, Cubios or Anyus, Pumpkins, Squashes and Maize or Corn.—Dr. A. H. Verrill—Many Moons (Mun-nan-nack).

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It Didn't Happen



Police officials of the Lower Mainland consult with New Editors of CKNW in planning Thursday night 8:30 programs weekly, portraying actual Police cases. Left to right in the above picture are: Bill Hughes, CKNW Night News Editor, Sgt. Woods-Johnson of the B.C. Provincial Police, Charles (Chuck) Rudd (standing), CKNW Day News Editor and co-author and co-producer of "It Didn't Happen," Chief John Donald of the New Westminster Police, Chief W. J. Moffat of the Surrey Police, Victor Vic Fergie, CKNW announcer and co-author and co-producer of "It Didn't Happen."

Through the co-operation of the Lower Mainland Police on the Pacific Coast "It Didn't Happen" is broadcast every Thursday evening at 8:30 p.m. The New Westminster, Surrey and Provincial Police Departments, supply real files from cases that have been famous

throughout the United States and Canada, to be portrayed on this program.

Education of the public to co-operate fully with police headquarters and to remember the police telephone number is of course, the main object of this public-service feature.

The facts of the case are absolutely true, but the names and places used are fictitious to avoid embarrassment to any innocent person who might recognize the case being broadcast. All characterizations are taken by the two authors of the program, Chuck Rudd and Vic Fergie.

The program ends each evening with a description of a wanted criminal, supplied by either the New Westminster, Surrey or Provincial Police Departments, with the reminder for citizens to memorize the police phone numbers.

Through this dramatized type of

Dirge of the Salish

He walks the street with listless heavy tread
Not caring greatly whence he goes nor why;
His gaze is veiled, his thoughts are turned within
In deep bewilderment at this the white man's world,
In dark resentment that it was ordained
To mock the phantoms of the splendid past.
They stand accusing as he passes by,
Condemning him for blind and childlike trust
In white men's words and smiling promises
That with the years have proved an empty thing,
A serpent's crafty wile that served the white men's ends until he wanted more
For some new purpose and expediency.

The clams are fat, the tide is low, the moon
Is at the full the deer are sleek and prime;
The shining grilse, the torpid cod, the crab,
And all the fertile wealth of earth and sea
That few and clothed him through the centuries
Are now no longer his. Subservient now
And limited by laws and licenses.
They speak an alien tongue. They worship gods

Of gold and place and power, unknown to him.
He hears the echoes of his fathers' chants
As wild they braved the seas in small canoes,
And fought with whales and laughed at yawning Death.
And chased the shark, and raced with hungry wolves,
And played with fire, and danced with spirit-ghosts.

But now his head is bowed, his gait is slow,
He sees no hope ahead, his faith is gone.
His people are outnumbered, he himself
Unwanted stranger in his native land.

H. GLYNN-WARD.

Lord's Prayer In Mohawk

Shoewanitha Karouhyakouth
tehsiderouh, Wagwagseanadokeaa
ghdiste; Sayanertscherah oaeda-
weghte; Tsingeghsereh egh nea-
yawean ne oughweatsyake tsioni
nityout ne Karouhyakouh. Takyouh
ne keagh wegniserate ne niyade-
weghniserake oegwanadarok: Neoni
toedagwarighwiyoatea ne tsini
yoegwatswatouh, tsiniyouht ne oek-
youha tsityakhirighwiyoateanis ne
waonikiatswatea. Neoni toghsa tag-
wagsharinete wadadeanakeragh-
toeke; Nok yoedagwayadakoh tsine-
ewe niyodaxheah. Amen.—Courtesy
of Princess Red Wing of the Seven
Crescents, Pokonot.

Harvey Sepass--A Tribute

By JOHN G. WILLIAMS

In July of 1945, Harvey Sepass died of tuberculosis at Coqualeetza Hospital. He left behind many friends who mourned his passing for he was the most popular patient, in all probability, who ever entered that hospital.

Son of the late Chief Sepass, he was a farmer, trainer of saddle and performing horses, a craftsman in leather, and friend to all who knew him.

He was admitted to Coqualeetza in late 1941 shortly after that hospital was opened. For months he and his fellow patients idled in the approved manner, but time hung heavy on their hands, and soon the suffered from acute boredom. Newspapers and periodicals were brought and discarded in great volume; radios were turned on during every waking moment, but these soon palled. Relief of some kind was needed, and finally Harvey, in his quest for a pastime, asked advice of Miss Anne Adams, R.N., then (1942) on the nursing staff. She told him to write to a leathercraft supply house in Vancouver. He did so, and with the proceeds from the sale of some hay from his small plot of ground, bought leather, tools, and a leathercraft handbook.

This was in the summer of 1942 before anyone had thought of starting any handicraft at Coqualeetza. True, Harvey had made a few totem poles, but the work was slow and left much rubbish, and brought very little in return.

Harvey's first project was a billfold and the response was immediate. (Although he had to learn my making mistakes, having no one to teach him, he did good work.) The personalized touch, embodied in the customer's name tooled into the leather, made a powerful sales appeal, and before his work was sent to be shown at the Chilliwack Fair in September, he had a backlog of orders sufficient to keep him working until Christmas.

He encouraged other patients to follow his example, and gave them the benefit of his own experience. Although swamped with orders, he patiently guided their first efforts, often lending his tools to those unable to buy their own.

As he became proficient, he started to make more elaborate projects, and there was a steady flow of coin purses, billfolds, gloves, moccasins, handbags and key cases from his hands. During his stay in the hospital he was the acknowledged leader of the leathercraftsmen in Coqualeetza, and pioneered every new venture.

His was the hand that guided their first fumbling efforts. His

were the experiments that opened up new field to them. His was the criticism that constantly improved their craft. The credit is his alone. Harvey Sepass alone brought this most popular craft to Coqualeetza. He taught himself, then taught his successors before he passed on. Every patient who learned his leathercraft at Coqualeetza learned it from Harvey or from someone who was taught by him. Any other statement is misleading and incorrect. The same applies to Miller Bay Hospital.

Gordon Cross, peer of leathercraftsmen, says "Harvey taught me everything I know about leather." Leathercraftsmen at Miller Bay learn the finer points of the game by asking Gordon's advice. It was Gordon who suggested that this be written. Here are his words when he asked me to write this. "Harvey was a real craftsman, the nicest man I ever knew. Everybody who knew him liked him, and it was a very sad day when we learned he had passed on."

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SISTERHOOD PAGE

STEVESTON CANNERY 100 PERCENT U.F.A.W.U. AND NATIVE SISTERHOOD

Meeting held at the Red Cross Hall at Steveston, B.C., 8 p.m., Sept. 15, 1947, was attended by the membership of the Native Sisterhood of B.C.

Officiating at the meeting was Mrs. Eva Vaselenak of the U.F.A.W.U. and Ed Nahaney, Business Agent of the Native Brotherhood.

Roll call of members as follows: Mrs. Mary Lucas, Mrs. Billy Assu, Mrs. Maggie Claire, Norma Cook, Mrs. Alice Latimer, Shirley Assu, Edna Scow, Sarah Martin, Louisa Frank, Julie Nelson, Marion Wilson, Doris Hunt, Mrs. Florence Knox, Mrs. Moses Alfred, Hilda Scow, Mrs. Mollie Whale, Annie Munday, Bertha Williams.

And also taking great interest in the meeting was Mr. Frank Assu, accompanied by his wife Ethel of the U.F.A.W.U. Although taking no part in the procedure of the meeting, their enthusiasm was welcomed.

Great credit must be given to the shop stewards of the Sisterhood, namely, Mrs. Josephine Cook and Mrs. Emma Hunt, for the able manner in which they have successfully organized the plant 100 percent, and are working in full co-operation with the plant committee of the U.F.A.W.U.

Mrs. Emma Hunt was unable to attend this meeting owing to illness and her presence was missed by all.

The first subject was the question of finding ways and means of obtaining a clinic from the Indian Department to look after the Natives and their children who are living on company premises at Steveston. And after several suggestions it was decided to leave the matter to the Business Agent to take up with the proper authorities at the earliest possible time.

The nurses of the Imperial Cannery who were in charge of the situation were carrying on to the best of their ability and co-operating with and giving every amount of assistance that was necessary, but would appreciate any assistance that was available from the Department.

The question was then raised of organizing the Great West Cannery at Steveston, B.C., and that cannery was represented by Annie Whonnock, Alert Bay; Lydia Harry, Agassiz; Dorothy Shaughnessy, Alert Bay; Hilda Whonnock, Alert Bay; Alice Whonnock, Alert Bay; Mrs. Edith Whonnock, Alert Bay, and assured the Sisterhood of assisting the Native girls at that cannery to join their organization, and also requested the Business Agent to look into certain conditions at the plant.

Mrs. Eva Vaselenak paid her fee and became a full-fledged member of the Native Sisterhood of B.C., and was congratulated by Shop Steward Josephine Cook on behalf of the organization and showed their appreciation by a unanimous welcome for the sincerity that she has shown in the past years. Good luck, Sister.

Meeting adjourned 10:30 p.m.

Alert Bay Sisters



This pictures a small group of the Alert Bay Sisterhood Branch, taken on the Fifteenth Annual Convention of the Native Brotherhood at Alert Bay at that time. These Sisters provided all meals for the local and visiting delegates in the Parish Hall which approximated two thousand servings in five days. In 1946 this Sisterhood of fifty members, collected \$1200 which was turned over to the Secretary of the Native Brotherhood, Herbert Cook for the current running expenses. This money was earned through dances and in the sales of home-cooking, etc.

To top this wonderful record they managed to distribute through the local Charity Fund for widows and orphans the sum of \$150. Red Cross work gained solid support during the war years from the Alert Bay Sisters. This record breaking group is headed by Mrs. Dan Crammer and aided by Secretary Mrs. Annie Provost.

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One of the well-known seiners of the Aleutian Islands, Captain Gordon Robertson of Butedale, got a shark in his seine in Lardio Inlet. The shark was about 22 feet long and the liver weighed 1584 pounds. It took five hours to kill it.

On September 10, Captain Robertson got two more in Matheson Channel and he sold the livers to the Canadian Fish Company—\$160.50 worth.

UNCLE SAM TO GET TOUGH WITH CANADIAN TROLLERS

While no arrests were made in the cases of the five Canadian trolling craft alleged to have been fishing in U.S. water within 300 yards of the shore of Kanagunak Island, Southwestern Alaska, it is reported that there will be a rigid enforcement of the law relating to alien fishing within U.S. territorial waters. The fine could range from \$100 to \$500 and boat seizure is not without the bounds of possibility.

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The war for freedom and justice is on—there must be no weakness in our line of defence, but a solid unbreakable front—solidarity must be the aim of our people, otherwise our struggle of 75 years will be in vain and the death knell of our race sounded.—Swanname of Kaayalumik.

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NEWS FROM ALBERTA

By JOHN LAURIE

Director J. F. Dion, Keheewin's Reserve, writes that at a large meeting on August 8, the Cold Lake and Legoff people voted to join the I.A.A. They have asked for 200 memberships. The Chief and the Councillors have pledged their support of I.A.A. principles. The I.A.A. membership extends them a hearty welcome.

A flying medical service has been organized for the northern areas such as Wabasca, Whitefish Lake and the Ft. Vermilion reserves. This is an undreamed-of bit of progress.

The Agency has been moved from Driftpile to High Prairie and a Farm Instructor is occupying the former Agency buildings. Active Directors of the I.A.A. in that part of Alberta are Chief Frank Cardinal, Mr. Henry Prince and Mr. J. B. Giroux.

X-rays will be in full swing again on various reserve early in September and the co-operation of all our people is earnestly invited. Without co-operation we cannot hope to stamp out the White Man's Plague.

Chief Crowchild of Sarcee Reserve, Director of the I.A.A., states that a quantity of much-needed machinery has been purchased for this much neglected reserve and that the boys are bringing back a good deal of neglected land and breaking new land.

Haying has been held up at Morley and Sarcee by the heavy rains. Crops here are very much delayed this year but they look very promising indeed. There is a fine crop of blueberries at Sarcee this year.

The protest lodged with the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede Board by the Blackfoot, Sarcee and Stoney Indians was reported in Time magazine and the New York Sunday Mirror. Thanks, Chief Crowchild, and your co-signers. This disgraceful condition has gone on too long. The Romans used to tie their captives to the chariot wheels of their successful generals, but that was 2500 years ago. Has Calgary never got past that stage?

It is reported that Allan Fethers of the Blood Reserve may enter the University of Alberta in September. He completed his Senior Matric at Crescent Heights High School last June. Allan is the first Blood Indian, and as far as we know, the first Indian south of Edmonton to enter the University.

It is reported that Gordon Crowchild of Sarcee will enter a Calgary Junior High School this Fall.

We regret that our President, Mr. Johnny Callihoo, has suffered the loss of his sister. The I.A.A. extends its sympathy to you, Mr. President.

Organization of Local at Duffield for 1947-48 is reported to be successfully completed with Mr. John Bearhead as President of the local.

Oil exploration has extended to Winterburn. So far no reserve in Alberta has had a successful oil well.

The I.A.A. urges all its members to send their children back to

Drum Beats Across the Border

By CHIEF SHUP-SHE

GALLUP, N. Mex. — Tribesmen gathered here today for what we believe the largest all-tribal gathering held anywhere in North America. There were tribesmen from nearly all the Indian reservations and settlements. There were 5000 or more Indians here selling craftsmanship for a tourist's dollar and ceremonials at a little more. The color of feathers, beads and bright metals made a rainbow of living glory. The main body of actors came from the Navajos, Hopis, Apaches, Kiawas, Zunis, Arapachoes and Shoshones; however, many Eastern tribesmen could be found moving among their Western brothers.

We were very sorry we didn't see any of our Canadian brothers and sisters here for we know there are many wonderful and beautiful dancers and actors among your people and some of the most beautiful beading and weaving is done by your tribes. The writer feels our people need a meeting place near our common border where once each year both Canadians and U.S. Indians could meet and hold this same type of ceremonial festivities. We have a great deal in common, to be sure, but each could give the other many new and different weaving patterns, art treasures, folk songs and dances. And permit our fellow white friends to see both sides of the Red world.

A great deal of fun was had at the Navajo mud dance, performed in a nice patch of gooev mud. The dancers were stripped to "loincloths and a big smile!" As the dance got going good they reached out and grabbed some "lucky" Indian and branded him with mud, then initiated him by rolling him in the mud.

Then, of course, the medicine men danced the legends of our

school on time this Fall. Progress towards opening day schools is coming along nicely.

I.A.A. officers are expecting to see Dr. H. L. Keenleyside, Deputy Minister of Mines and Resources, very shortly.

Chief Joe Tallman of the Whitefish Lake Band has also joined the I.A.A. this month. The I.A.A. continues to grow.

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peoples and sang songs older than the pages of time, songs of our ancestors going back to the dawn of time.

The bronco busting and races were blood tinglers, but, of course, the main action centred around the Wolf Dance, Flower Dance, Devil Dance, Rainbow Dance and many other beautiful expressions of the soul of the red race.

Such meetings indicate the basic culture and art of our peoples is still Indian even in the world of autos and atomic bombs.

Editor, The Native Voice:

I read your paper with interest and am glad there is a paper like yours going into the homes of the people. I taught once in an Indian school and I think you could do a lot to encourage the girls who have been at school to be good housekeepers. I have seen the women and girls busy at handi-

crafts when the house and children are dirty. I do admire their work but I think they should not put it first and neglect necessary work. If homes and themselves were cleaner, no one would call them a dirty people, for it is a struggle worth while and that is what the teen-age groups and others should get straight.

With best wishes from one who wants them to get equal recognition and justice.

An Old Worker
Who Loves the Native Children.

Rise above petty jealousy and petty lies. Let each loyal Brother and Sister do his own humble part sincerely, not looking for selfish gain or personal ambition. For the sake of the race to come, that they may live under better condition and be freed from slavery. Forget self and fight on. — Swaname of Kaayalumik.

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Chief and Mrs. Khahtsahlans (August Jack) and his pretty niece, who is the daughter of the well known lacrosse player, Stan Joseph. Our thanks to Chief Khahtsahlans, his wife and niece for doing a splendid job of publicizing and selling *The Native Voice* at the Langley Potlatch on Labor Day, September 1. Thanks also to the Langley officials, Tim Moody and many others who made this venture for the sale of our paper so successful.

NOTICE

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ADVERTISERS:

Articles and letters must be in this office on or before the 25th of the month.

Advertising must be here on or before the 30th of the month. The paper will be published the first week of each month.

Excerpts From a Radio Speech

By JOHN LAURIE

The Government has ignored the recommendation that Indians be paid the Old-Age Pension. The Government seems to prefer the system of issuing rations and a few blankets or discarded military clothing to aged and indigent Indians; yet the Government has no hesitation in charging the Band Funds of the Indians concerned at least a part of the cost of these rations. The ration will keep soul and body within reach of each other—at a cost of about \$5.00 a month, rice, beans, flour, tea and bone beef or cold storage elk meat from the slaughtered surplus of our National Parks. We do not imply or suggest that this state of affairs is the fault of any official of the Indian Affairs Branch. It is the fault of the Federal Governments, which, since 1867, have consistently failed to provide sufficient funds for the readjustment of the Native Canadians.

The Indian is governed by an antiquated, complicated, contradictory, haphazard piece of legislation known as the Indian Act. The Joint Committee is charged with revising this Act. Will you help us to see that the recommendations of this and other Committees be implemented by the House of Commons?

The Indians stands at the crossroads today. Will you help your fellow Canadian to go ahead or will you stand in his way?

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